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PRICE TEN CENTS.

"What fools these Mortals be!"

Puck

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"HURRY, WILLIAM, AND HOOK ME UP!"



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PUCK
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A. H. FOLWELL, Editor

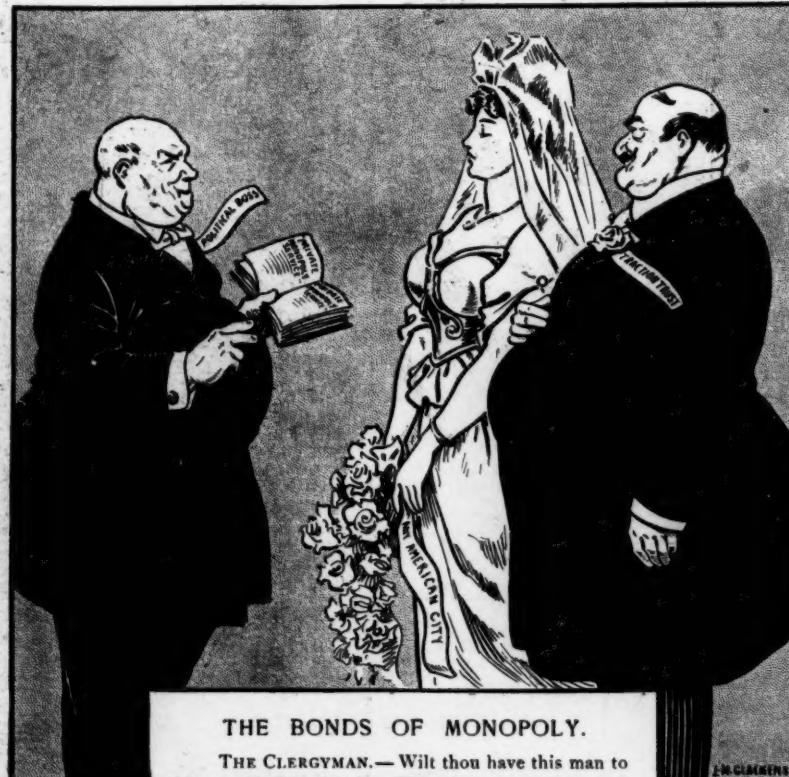
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Cartoons and Comments

WHOLESALE HYPNOTISM. To hypnotize one man at a time is no trick at all in these days of mental suggestion. But to hypnotize whole communities, and to keep them hypnotized, is a good deal of an achievement. Philadelphia is the latest community to reveal its hypnotic state. PENN's old town is so far "under the influence" that the local traction Trust felt secure in telling the citizens "to mind their own business and not to butt in" when said citizens hinted that, rather than inconvenience indefinitely thousands of people, the trolley company consent to arbitration as a method of settling a strike. To mind their own business and not to butt in! The community which grants to the P. R. T. its franchise, which gives it for a term of years a monopoly of the transportation rights through the city streets, which provides all the money for its dividends, is coolly informed that what the company chooses to do, or not to do, is none of the community's blank business! Public protests go by the name of "outside interference." If it isn't hypnotism, then what is it? As to the merits of the strike, in detail, we are not posted, but this much we do know: that what the P. R. T. itself enjoys it is unwilling to grant to its employees. The P. R. T. is a monopoly, a union of financial and traction interests bent on keeping out for all time competition that would tend to reduce fares and force improvements. The men want recognition of a union bent on keeping out competition in labor—competition that would reduce wages and lengthen hours. It is not a condition peculiar to Philadelphia; cause and effect would work out much the same in many another American city. And so they will continue to work while greed is the guide-post of "public service" and communities stay hypnotized.

TO MACHINE Republicans of Albany and other points in New York State: Take Hughesparilla this Spring and give your clogged old systems a thorough cleaning out. Pleasant as cream.

AMERICA has an ingrowing sympathy for most things labeled Insurgent. Americans were insurgents themselves once, arrayed against a very formidable stand-pat front, and twelve years ago they displayed for the Cuban insurgents fellow-feeling in a marked degree. That is why, perhaps, the Republican Insurgents are liked pretty well. Nowhere, apparently, except at the White House, are they regarded as mere obstructionists. Like the Cuban Insurgents, their fight is for principle, and signs multiply that the plain, ordinary American people are getting interested in that fight. When the plain, ordinary American people got sufficiently "het up" over the cause of the Cuban Insurgents, they let something drop on the WEYLERS, CERVERAS, *et al.*, who represented Privilege and Standpatism in Cuba. When they get sufficiently "het up" over the cause of the American Insurgents—*their* cause—they will let something drop on the ALDRICHES, CANNONS, *et al.*, who represent Privilege and Standpatism here. Only let some "Maine" of public welfare suddenly be blown up and sunk, and the Spaniards of "Party Solidarity" will find themselves in a roaring storm-center. Already the West considers that it has something important to "remember."



THE BONDS OF MONOPOLY.

THE CLERGYMAN.—Wilt thou have this man to thy wedded husband? Wilt thou obey him, and serve him, love, honor, and keep him in sickness and

in health, and forsaking all others keep thee only unto him, as long as ye both shall live?

AND THE WOMAN SHALL ANSWER.—I will.

THE DUKE OF MANCHESTER, now in this country, says that of the six hundred Lords, three hundred are "working heart and soul for the good of the Empire." Particularly those who squealed like stuck pigs when it was proposed that they pay land taxes to the Empire based on more modern valuations than the figures of OLIVER CROMWELL's time. Every day is Ground-Hog Day in Merrie England.

WHEN T. R. returned from Cuba at the end of the war with Spain, he announced effervescently that "he felt like a bull moose." If Cuba could make him feel like a bull moose, what, in the name of Jake, has Africa been able to make of him?



HER NAME ON AN EGG.

OAKLAND CITY, Ind., Feb. 12.—E. C. Neff, a restaurant keeper, recently bought some cold-storage eggs, on one of which he found a woman's name and address. He wrote to the woman and learned that the name had been placed on the egg more than three years ago.—*The Sun, N. Y.*



A COLD-STORAGE LOVE AFFAIR: IN TWO CHAPTERS.

THE SENTIMENTAL BORDERER.—Oh, Oh, Oh! How romantic! An egg with a girl's name on it—a shy, sweet little daughter of the farm, I'll wager my life! I'll take a train out to this address on Sunday. Who knows but —, etc., etc.

OLD LADY.—Hepsy Hepworth? Hillcrest Farm? And writ on an egg? Well, if that don't beat all! Why, young man, it's a good fifty years since I wrote my name on that egg. I was just a slip of a girl. Where's it been all these years?

REPENTANCE.

"Trinity's tenements have been given a clean bill of health. Out of 208, only 14 were in wholly bad condition and 112 in various stages of disrepair. No account was taken of tenements owned by others on Trinity ground." —*News Item.*



O YOU, oh godly governors of Trinity's estate
Who do a soulful business through a soulless
syndicate,
To you we come in supplience and humbleness
and such
Confessing to an error which annoys us very much.
Injustice we have done you, a great and cruel wrong,
In picture and in story, with pencil and with song;
We now admit our sad mistake, and note with visage glad
That only *half* the tenements of Trinity are bad.

Amid the serried corridors the organ's thunder rolls,
A peal of solemn music for your highly favored souls,
But what's the wail of anguish that is mingled with its tones?
A father's bitter curses and a mother's choking moans,
The shrill complaint of babies, of children wan and thin,
Who help to pay the revenues, but cannot enter in!
Tut! Tut! Be not intemperate, such talk is wholly mad,
For only *half* the tenements of Trinity are bad.

Oh, happy are the tenants of so noble a concern,
With money and with incense and with tenements to burn;
So let the worldly scoffers who have jeered about the rent
Come crawling to the altar in a posture penitent;
For Trinity is now absolved from censure and from blame,
Its conscience newly clarified, and glorious its name,
To all its goodly records there is only this to add:
"No more than *half* the tenements of Trinity are bad."

Berton Braley.

THREE are various names for incompetence, most of them misleading, and that is why men are so long finding themselves out.

NOT YET, BUT SOON.

SUGGESTIONS FOR SIMPLIFYING THE SOCIETY COLUMN OF THE FUTURE.

Mrs. and Mrs.* HARRY A. HOOPLA have taken an apartment at The Bellefair for the rest of the season.

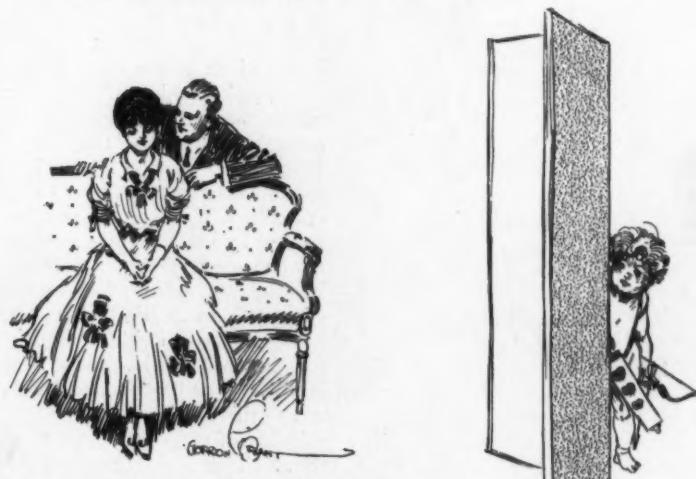
Mrs.† A. B. C. Jones will give a dance to-morrow night at Borjo's for her débâutante daughter, Miss‡ Phyllis.

Mrs.§ H. Ansone Wadde will give a theatre-party Friday night for Miss|| Philomena Hodge of Boston.

Mrs.¶ James St. James-James has invitations out for a theatre-party and dance a week from to-night.

Mrs.** Always Going will entertain to-night with a luncheon at the St. Simon.

* Née Smith. † \$100,000 dowry.
‡ A favorite with Sunday magazine writers. § Successful last month at Reno.
|| Has been reported engaged to three Harvard students.
¶ Has engaged the services of Louie Lipp, the able lawyer.
** Will leave for Nevada early next month.



WAITING FOR HIS CUE.

Pleasing ourselves is more pleasant than pleasing the other fellow, but there is n't as much money in it.

IN WHISPERS

H

ERE, LOVE, you have ten million plunks
In lieu of alimony;
So pack your sixty-seven trunks
And call the cart and pony.

The moving-van I've ordered here
At three o'clock precisely;
At four you then can disappear,
Which suits us both quite nicely.

At five I have a golfing date,
So please be prompt in starting,
Or Mrs. Swift will have to wait
While you and I are parting.

At eight—What's that? You want to know
The steps that I have taken?
Don't worry, dear,—a day or so
Will do, or I'm mistaken.

AMERICAN MYTHOLOGY.

THE American system of mythology teems with conflicting traditions as to the origin of things. The most generally accepted legend is that the Earth was born in the Cradle of Liberty at Faneuil Hall, and that the young babe, cradle and all, were stolen by the thousand-tentacled monster Octopus and secreted in the terrible mosquito-infested swamps of the great god Jawndee in New Jersey. Another story is to the effect that the world was created and placed upon the shoulders of a tribe of malcontents known as

Ultimate Consumers as a punishment for their continual muttering about cost-of-living, maximum-and-minimum, unlawful-combinations, and other trifles. The grumblers were compelled to support the great burden until it was given to the deity Nelsaldrich, maker of laws, for use as a watch-charm. Still another story, recently sprung, has it that George Washington married Martha Custis and became the father of his country. Washington was regarded by the ancient Americans as an awesome deity, too immaculate and ethereal even for purposes of gentle fabrication; but later chroniclers have stripped him of these qualities until now hardly anything is put past him. The hatchet and cherry tree are sacred to this deity.

The deities are of two classes: the Gods and the Heroes. The Gods are, of course, immortal; but the Heroes, being only semi-divine, fall into error and are pulled from the



IN THE DARK

SIR BAYARD.—Woo-o-o-o! Wow!
His SPOUSE.—What's the matter,
Bayard?
SIR BAYARD.—Matter enough! Just
stabbed my toe against my vest.

Has a woman only to add a bass whistle to her equipment in order to cease to be the weaker vessel?



I whisper to my counsel, Fudge,
Who whispers to your lawyer;
And then they whisper to the judge,
Who's known as Whisp'ring Sawyer.

And then the judge he whispers back,
They whisper all together—
They seem to suffer from a lack
Of breath this whisp'ring weather.

The judge he whispers to the clerk,
Who whispers: "Just the caper!"
And, whisp'ring still, he sets to work
To draw the proper paper.

In whispers it is read and signed—
One scarcely hears these lispers;—
And that's the way—oh, most refined!—
We get divorced—in whispers.

William Wallace Whitelock.

clouds. Instances are the heroic Pears-hobson, who committed the colossal crime of kissing every nymph in the country, and Jorgidewey, who gave his house to his wife.

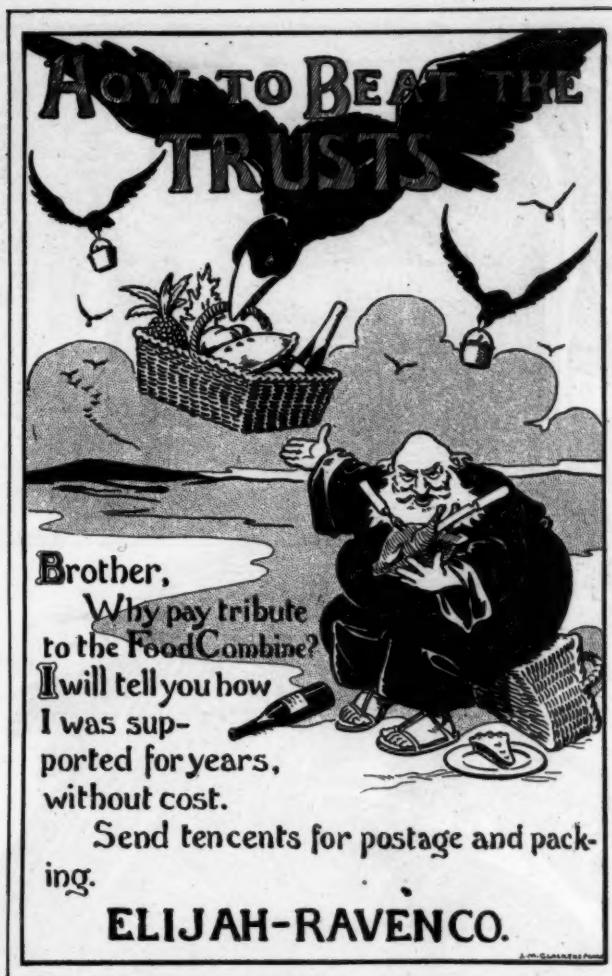
The Gods drink Moet et Chandon, Cliquot, Mumm's, and a delicious golden water distilled from the stock-melons cut at quarterly intervals on their favorite promenade of Wall Street. They dwell in winter at Palm Beach and along the Riviera; in summer at Newport-beyond-the-limit. Some, over-fond of the delectable melons, compromise on Pittsburgh and Manhattan; while there is always to be found a small and select colony temporarily domiciled at Reno and Sioux Falls.

Among the more powerful of the gods is Andycarneg, deity of philanthropy. This



RICHESSE OBLIGE.

"No doubt you are learning that wealth has its obligations, now that you are yourself wealthy?"
"Oh yes, indeed! Is n't it wonderful!
Only to-day I discovered that there's a right way and a wrong way to dress one's house-maid!"



THREE SQUARES A DAY.
WHEN ANSWERING ADV. PLEASE MENTION THIS PAPER.

the sporting men. Jeff and Johnson, twin gods of the fistic art, are also entrusted with the four winds, which they turn loose at frequent intervals.

A powerful group of deities comprises Jimhill, Jorgigold, Vanderbilt, and Hawley, who have the keeping of the iron horses, the gods' famed fleet steeds, and who are also entrusted with the raising of the golden stock-melons.

Minor deities are the wood-god Giffpinchot and the water-god Ballinger, who are compelled by Fate to engage in an eternal struggle to throttle each other. Martini and Manhattan, gods of levity and good fellowship, are worshiped by an enormous following. Their emblems are the cherry and the olive, and their devotees anoint their heads with cracked ice after each sacrifice.

The nine Muses are Marklaw, Aberlanger, McCutch, McGrath, Eddibok, Nix, Zim, Charley, and Dan. Marklaw and Aberlanger are given dominion over all manner of dramatic and operatic amusements; but, having lost the key to the Golden Box of Art, they have been compelled to stock the Great White Way mostly with things that cannot be mentioned (without swearing) in an article of this scope. McCutch and McGrath are the Muses of Bestsellerdom, and are working overtime creating new princesses to be mated with our good-looking civil engineers and diplomats. Eddibok is Muse of Dress and Fashion and last resort on all matters of buds, bias, rosettes, plaquet-holes, furbelows, and French heels.

The Giants are a hardy band of demigods entrusted annually with the bringing of the Golden Pennant Fleece to New York. If they get the Fleece, they are Heroes; if not, they are Muts.

The American mythology embraces an innumerable array of the loveliest and most charming goddesses. These deities, called

Graces, are versed in witchery, enchantment, and all the siren arts; and as a consequence have the male population of the land in their meshes. Among the loveliest of the Graces are the Water-Sprites of the Jersey coast, the Peaches of the Kentucky Bluegrass, and the Nymphs of Newport. The Gods, who own many of the Golden Graces, are given to sending fabulous sums across the sea for the purpose of inducing the Nobles to come across. The Nobles are for the most part a pale and pasty race, but they possess a magic name which, when uttered at the gates of Society, causes the port to spring back instantly.

Among the great feasts of the Gods is the Newportalia, a splendid rite wherein it is customary to wine and toast chimpanzees, anteaters, and baby giraffes. Another magnificent rite is the Slaughter of the Lambs, conducted frequently along the Wall Street Promenade.

There are numerous Oracles. Foremost is the Oracle of Chiuniversity, from whence issue terrific explosions at close intervals. It is freely predicted that this awful zephyr will never cease. The Oracle of Syracuse is conducted by Chansday and emits an unending series of knocks.

There are numerous local legends. In California, for instance, there is a tradition that five hundred million yellow devils will some day come out of the sea and eat the inhabitants alive. In the hope of averting the calamity, bricks and sticks are thrown at every saffron devil seen. In Indiana it is the firm belief of the natives that no man may enter Paradise without having first written a romantic novel; and as a consequence of this, Shakespeare and the Areopagita lurk on the lowest bookshelves wedged in behind *The Princess Nerissa* and *The House of a Thousand Conservatories*.

Stuart B. Stone.



"THE paper says that De Tanque presided at the banquet, but I did n't see him."

"That's funny; he was right under the head of the table."



THE FALL OF A HERO.

"Here," solemnly said the Bostonian, "General Warren fell."

"So?" replied the gentleman from Chicago, running a speculative eye up and down the perpendicular of Bunker Hill Monument. "Must have been a swell subject for a moving-picture act."



Heir Castles.

PUCK



WHICH DOES THE MOST
TO ALLAY INFLAMMATION?
A COLD COMPRESS



—OR A HOT APPLICATION?

WES, SIR, the way these Trusts are oppressing the community is awful, and something ought to be done about it. Seems as if an ordinary man can't live, they're so greedy—(Oscar, mark up the price on steaks five cents to-day; the Trust stuck us three cents more a hundred over what we paid a year ago. I guess the five-cent raise will help.)

"There's the Steel Trust and the Milk Trust and the Furniture Trust and the Rubber Trust and all the rest putting up prices and corrupting the public servants and—excuse me a minute—(Oscar, tell that weight-inspector to forget us again this month and slip him ten. He wants fifteen? All right, we can't kick on that when we saved two ounces on every pound we sold in two years.)

"As I was saying, the Trusts are going to destroy the country if we don't do something about them. They buy legislatures and city councils and they crush competition by crooked means and dodge

their taxes—(Oscar, don't let me forget to swear off my personal taxes; they have got me down for half of what I've got. And, by the way, did you get that rumor started about McCarthy selling horse-meat for beef? Good! It ought to put a crimp in him for a while.)

"I tell you that the common people are not getting a square deal, and the Government is in the hands of thieves. The people must rise and strike off their shackles.

"No, I can't get around the caucus. Saturday is a very busy day for me—it won't make any difference just my vote.

"Fifteen cents a pound, madam. Yes, it's a raise, but the Trust—"



THE AUTO FRATERNITY OF BROTHERLY LOVE.

SIX CYLINDERS, FOUR CYLINDERS, THREE CYLINDERS, TWO CYLINDERS,
AND MOTOR-CYCLE.

Some men who are as honest as the day is long believe only in a six-hour working day.

INEFFECTUAL.

THERE was once a man who, finding himself without sin, deemed that he was chosen to throw the first stone. But the world laughed at him. "Such a cissy can't throw a stone to hurt much!" guffawed the world, and wagged on its own wicked way, mocking at morals.

THE MARCH PARADERS.

Said Marshal O'Kelly,

"Line up there, I tell 'e!
Hi! Pull in yer belly an' throw up yer chist!
Bedad, ye 'll be nadin' a dale uv upbraidin'

Before ye 'll parade in the way that is bist.
Ordher, ye stray wans there;

Shut up, ye gay wans there;

Eyes front, ye jay wans there;
Kape with the rist!
Can't ye do nawthin' but wiggle an' twist?

Take this frum yer marshal, I tell'e impartial
Ye'll make the procession a joke an' a jist!"

Said Marshal O'Kelly,

"Bedad, I'm a jelly,
I'm worn out, I tell 'e, from
makin' 'em mind;
I'm hoarse from me bawlin' an'
swearin' an' callin'
But still they go crawlin' away
out behind.

I've yelled and I've roared at 'em,
Begged an' implored at 'em,
Shuk me big sword at 'em,
Glared till I'm blind.

An' yet will ye luk at the way they are lined?
Widout no formation—a shame to the nation,
But—what kin ye do wid a bunch av the kind?"



Said Marshal O'Kelly,

"There's Hogan an' Skelly,
An' many a felly as like 'em as peas—
Feet wid no arch to them, legs wid no march to them,
Sure there's no starch to them—shoulders or knees.

See how they're swayin' now,
Stragglin' an' strayin' now—

Whisht—the band's playin' now,
Ticklin' the breeze;
Sure 'tis a tune that is certain to please;

Sets me blood danc'n', me charger to prancin',
Och, but I'm young on occasions like these!

Said Marshal O'Kelly,

"Ohone, let me tell 'e
That Hogan an' Skelly an' them ain't so slow,

• An' Hooley an' Kiley an' Mullins an' Riley

Are all steppin' highly
an' marchin'
just so!

How the folks stare at
'em!

What! Did I swear
at 'em?

Bellow an' glare
at 'em?

Sure, but ye
know

THAT was before they had
started to go!
Music has warmed
thim, reformed
an' transformed
thim—

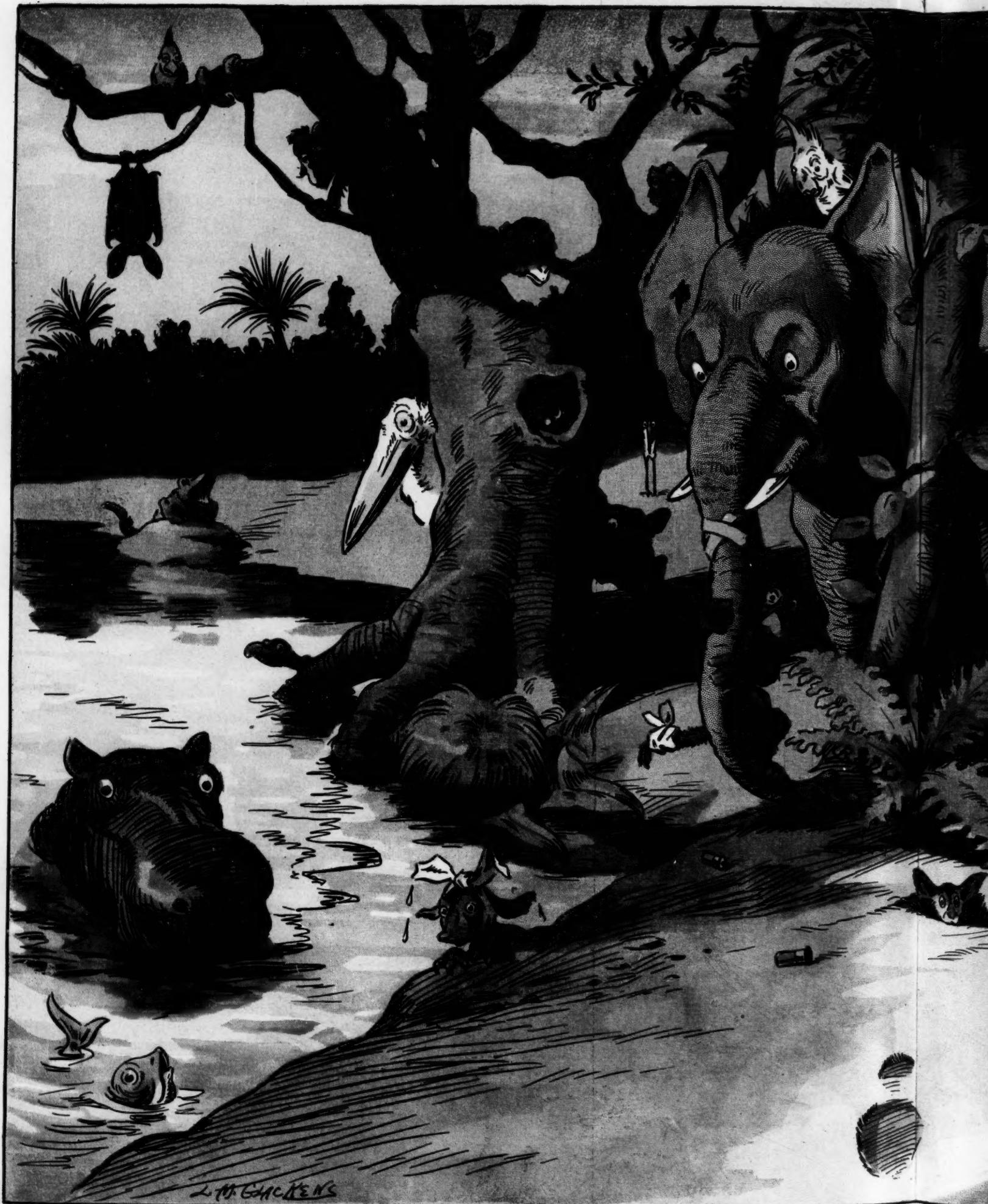
St. Patrick himself wud
be pleased wid the
show."

Berton Braley.

BRILLIANT.

"C LEVER —?"
"Oh! yes.
She is so bright that
she can actually say 'cute
things into an ear-trumpet!"

BUCK



THE FUCK PRESS

"SAY, HONEST, IS HE RE

BUCK



IS HE REALLY GONE?"

X

PUCK

ENDING THE QUARREL.

He dared not say it, but he thought it. Of all the jealous, foolish, unreasonable girls in this girl-infested world she was the limit! How he ever could have imagined that he loved this bunch of perversity was beyond comprehension.

He closed his teeth and began to plan a dignified and impressive exit. Then she kicked him on the shin.

This is not a Bowery romance, but a story of quite well-bred folk. If you think it improbable that well-bred people should kick each other on the shins, I advise you to read the evidence in the next society divorce case.

In these *causes célèbres*, however, it is generally the man who kicks the woman, while in the present instance it was Kate who kicked Johnnie. But this is not a divorce case.

Pretty soon she kicked him again.

The reason she repeated this device was that he had not noticed it the first time; it was too well done, too accidental. Besides, his mind was occupied with the wrongs that she had previously inflicted upon

him. Thus it happened that he had failed to observe when she casually crossed one knee over the other and glanced down to calculate the range. Then she leaned forward, her foot swung around, and the sharp edge of her narrow shoe came in contact with the tender crest of his tibia.

"I beg your pardon."

"Don't mention it," he grunted, and went on summing up her cruelty and injustice. Appearances were against him, it was true, but she had no right to doubt his word and to jeer at his explanation. What if she had seen him riding with another girl? This one really was an out-of-town cousin, to whom he was showing the electric signs. And Kate had scoffed at his plain statement of the facts and had taunted him with lack of invention. She must think him a fool; no man would dream of using such a worn-out story unless it was true. Well, goodness knows there were plenty other girls; he would go where he could get fair treatment, at least.

Kate saw that her first hint had not penetrated—I mean had not penetrated his consciousness. The set jaw and narrowed eyes were as easy to read as a poster, and she meant to break up those rebellious notions of his, even if she had to break—Oh no, of course, she had no intention of going that far—that is absurd; but then, you understand, she was just bound to flag that train of thought. That was why she gave him the second hint, just as before, only the least bit stronger.



The Play and the Paper.

Oh, how the editors do damn a Salacious or erotic drama! And how they boost the higher art in editorials that start:

In town we have one of those plays which win such universal praise. Pure as its name—it's called "The Dove"—it tells a touching tale of love. Such plays should form our mental rations instead of vulgar French translations.

And then, somewhat surprised, you read Across the page this screaming screed:

DON'T LEAVE UNTIL YOU'VE
NEW YORK SEEN
HIS LADY FRIEND
IT'S GOT GANGRENE

BUY TICKETS FOR
WHOM GOD WON'T JOIN
A STORY OF THE TENDERLOIN

THE GIRL FROM CHILDS'
BUT MADE IN FRANCE

INCLUDES THE GREAT
IMMORAL DANCE

PARISI HOOP-LA!

THE WOMAN PAYS
THE NAUGHTIEST
OF NAUGHTY PLAYS

If only in this busy age
Upon the editorial page
The unread editor should say:

We ask our friends to see the play now running at the Temple D'Art about a Painted Person's heart. Indelicate, and so suggestive, it makes a child of seven restive. We're glad to say it's really bad, and quite the broadest thing we've had. See it at once—get wise to life. Take our advice and someone's wife.

And if the paper chose to miss
All ads that were n't on themes like this:

SEE UNCLE TOM!
A WINNER YET!!
THE TOWN'S ONE BEST AND BIGGEST BET!!!

FOLLOW THE CROWDS
AND SEE JUST WHY
IT'S MADE FOUR MILLION PEOPLE CRY

UNCLE TOM'S CABIN
HERE TO-DAY
WITH SPECIAL CHILDREN'S MATINEE

COME EARLY—SEE THE
BLOODHOUNDS FED

FREE CONCERT!
SEATS EIGHT WEEKS AHEAD!

With things reversed like this—who knows?
We might in time have decent shows.

Horatio Winslow.

"I beg your pardon." Her voice was cold and impersonal.

Now, two kicks in rapid succession are enough to attract the attention of any man.

Johnnie came to life; he realized that she had forgiven him for having compelled her to speak those scornful words. But such a peace offering—to be kicked back into love again! That surely was unusual. Johnnie laughed his appreciation. No other girl could have carried it through like that; Kate was well worth while. Who could help loving her? He leaned back and laughed; he stretched his legs and laughed some more.

He watched the haughty-lady expression that Kate was trying so hard to hold. The corners of her mouth began to twinkle. Johnnie took the part of a melodrama villain. Grasping her by the shoulders he hissed into her ear:

"Young woman, I'll choke you for that!"
But she did not seem to mind it much.

Herbert McConathy.



THE SPECIFICATIONS.

LADY (prospecting for a cook).—Now, I want a girl who will be able to think for herself; one that I won't have to watch and correct every minute of the day. I want one in whom I can repose perfect confidence, sure that she will get the meals at the time and in the way I like them. I want a cook—
SUPT. INTELLIGENCE OFFICE.—Excuse me, ma'am, but you don't want a cook. What you want is a Fairy Godmother!

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Herbert McConathy.

SCHOOLED BY EXPERIENCE.

Once upon a time a Politician, meeting a Living Issue, inadvertently took it up. But almost at once he dropped it. "Stung!" he muttered significantly.

His pains, however, were not devoid of profit. For henceforth he was a Practical Politician, and passed by on the other side.



EASY.

ESAU had just sold his birthright for a mess of pottage.

"That's no good," said his wife. "I'd take it right back and exchange it."

But, being lacking in feminine shopping ability, he kept the bargain.

ALWAYS.

The musical comedy king
On the tropical island shores
May be ruler of everything.
But he never reigns—he bores!

The watchers at the polls are often the repeater kind.

THE COMMON LOT.

TALE I write, a tale of love and life,
And in the making spend my fancy's store:
I work and dream, and work again—and then
I wonder where I've heard the thing before?

Again, when my imagination soars
Of its own will, and scorns the stinging lash,
I spend my soul in poetry—and then
I wonder if the whole thing is n't trash?

Or I perchance essay a bit of wit,
A shaft to pierce a dullard's armor joint;
I chuckle to myself with glee—and then
I wonder if it really has a point?

And so it goes. These children of the brain
We see as heroes, or as clumsy louts,
Nor know them good till they are clothed in print,—
And even then we sometimes have our doubts:

Eunice Ward.

A LUCRATIVE PROFESSION.

WITH practically all the professions crowded, and none of them paying large salaries save to the chosen few, it is most fortunate that a new business, one demanding men of pleasant address and philosophic turn of mind, should just now be opening to the American people. The new position is that of being the "goat," and the president of nearly any big corporation would be glad to get a crew of men for this work, with good wages at the start and a guaranteed bonus at the conclusion of the service.

None of the officers of a Trust is eager to go to jail, even at the price of perhaps a million dollars for a ten-year term. The man who would become an officer in the Trust long enough to plead guilty to the various charges growing out of the Trust president's acquirement of a million, and who would accept the ten-year sentence, would be worth at least a hundred thousand dollars to the magnate, or ten thousand dollars a year—no mean salary for the man whose sole duty is to grace a prison cell. All that is necessary is to advertise such a business opportunity. The men who need the money will do the rest.

Vance C. Criss.

PROPER SPIRIT.

"Do you really think it necessary to give Mrs. Bigwad anything on her birthday?"

"Yes, Harold, we really must. She remembered all our children at Christmas, and now the least we can do is to retaliate."

NOT QUITE.

"YOUNG man," inquired her father sternly, "will you give her a home like the one she has been used to?"

"No," replied the truthful suitor, "for there will be no grumpy father to come home and make every one miserable by his kicking over trifles and swearing at matters in general. There will be no

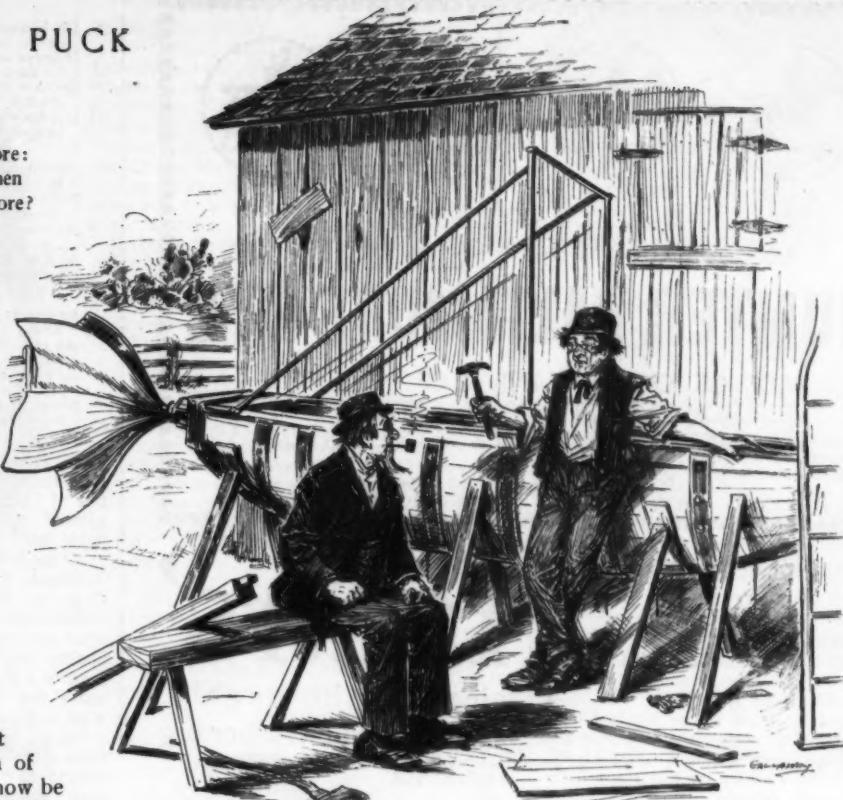


THROUGH THE TONSORIAL AGES.—V.

(From an Early Italian Engraving)

BARBER (inquiringly).—Say, Mr. Polo, when you was over in China, did you see much of the poultry? Now the reason I'm asking you is this: You see I've heard that them Cochin China birds are some feathers, and my brother-in-law has a couple of fighting roosters that he's kind of keen about, and if the Chinks ha' got nerve enough to back *their* birds, why you and me and him (honest, Mr. Polo, this is a dead-sure thing!) could get up a little side-bet and —

MARCO POLO (wearily).—Straight down, not too short, and get me the morning paper.



POOR PHILISTINE.

THE VILLAGE GENIUS (impressively).—I've been a-workin' on this here flyin'-machin' fer nigh on six years.

NEW NEIGHBOR.—Gosh, but yer slow! Why, I once built a whole barn in three months—all alone, too.

mother to scold her from morning to night for wasting time merely because she wants to be neat. There will be no big brother to abuse her for not doing half of his work, and no little brother to make enough noise to drive her crazy when her head aches. There won't be any younger sister to insist on reading some trashy novel while she does all the work. She will not have with me a home like she has been used to, not if I can help it."

THE STRAIN.

CIVILIZATION gives us more power to think with, but likewise it gives us more matter to think about. Indeed, the matter has a marked tendency to outrun the power. There are so many things which we never thought of before we became civilized, such as our stomachs, social position, municipal reform, neighbors who afford a better car than ours when it does n't appear how they can, etc. Is the power going to prove equal to the strain? Or shall we be forced to seek relief in idiocy or some other form of evasion?



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WHISKEY MAY GO BUT

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Loads Off the Mind.

NO JOKE—THIS.

To the Editor of PUCK:
The very idea of wasting all that valuable
space on so ridiculous a subject, when it
could be filled with so many of your most
amusing jokes. Born in the South, I have
found that neither "Ah" nor "I" was the
"habit," both being used quite extensively,
the same as the Yankees say *Eether* and *libber*
for *Either*, and nobody questioning which
pronunciation is correct. To show you my
heart is in the right place, if you've got a
good joke to substitute in place of this letter,
publish the joke and put the letter on your
refrigerator, so as to keep the date fresh—
oh, you chestnut!

NORLEANS.

Birmingham, Ala.

"I"—OF COURSE.

To the Editor of PUCK:
Of course it's "I," as I tells yo' White Folks.
I'se a good nigger, I is. Have never
heard it any other way, and have been all over
the South and lived there all my life.

Atlanta, Ga. R. B. D.

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cleanses thoroughly,
soothing and freshening
the skin.

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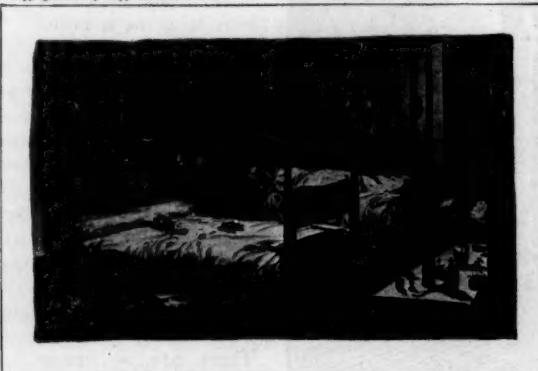
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TIME, THREE A.M.—ASLEEP AT LAST.

By Angus MacDonall.

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ANTICIPATION.

Dis hyah ol' winthe ain' no good,
Seems laik it's always snowin';
It keeps me totin' in de wood
To keep de fiah a-goin'.
Ah eats mah side meat smokin' hot—
Ah don't tell how Ah gits it!
But dis hyah emptiness Ah got,
Dey ain' no side meat fits it.

Ah tells yo', sah, dis time o' yeah
Is mighty bright and snappy,
But seems laik somepin's missin' yeah
To make dis niggah happy;
Ah 'spect it's eatin' dat Ah lack,
An' so Ah gits to wishin'
Mah ol' frien' summeh would come back,
So's Ah could go a-fishin'!

—Chicago News.

De summeh days looks good to me
Along de quiet ribber;
Ah jes' sits down beneath a tree,
An' baita man hook wif libber,
De fool catfish he grabs de bait—
Ah never seed de beatin'!
Seems laik dis niggah jes' can't wait
Fo' some o' dat good eatin'!

To the Editor of PUCK:
Concerning the great international "Ah" and "I" controversy, this ought to settle it without any further caviling. When the noble bard of the "Chi" News cuts loose, that's the last word. No matter what Booker Tuskegee Wash'n has to say, or old Doc Crum, or Bishop Hartzell, or your office porter—they're all off, 'way off. Take it from me, for was n't Ah the Afro-American Society Reporter of the Stock-yards *Daily Bulletin* for two years? Ah guess Ah was, and if that ain't s'fficiency Ah don't know what you want.

Take a trip to "Chi's" Coontown some time, and if all those babies don't say "Ah" instead of "I," Ah'll stand the cost of the trip. If you want further proof, ask my old fren' "Rosie" Field of the *Record-Herald*. Ah reckon he ought to convince you.

Springfield, O. CHAPPY RASTER.



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"MEN'S WIVES," remarked the gentleman who is compelled by force of circumstances to comb his hair with a towel, "are like their sins."
"What's the answer?" inquired the innocent bachelors.
"They are sure to find them out," explained the party of the prelude.—*Chicago News.*

AS TO KISSING:—A MORAL MATTER.

To the Editor of PUCK:

The question raised by your esteemed but sometimes, I fear, too worldly and frivolous journal, is one of grave moment and of deep significance. If engaging in the act of osculation with one's second cousin—a rather tenuous bond of consanguinity—affords one delectation, I believe it should be tabooed, as tending to the relaxation of the stern asceticism which should be practiced if one is to attain salvation.

If, on the other hand, the lady is not pulchritudinous, I should recommend the practice as an exercise of Christian fortitude, a flagellation valuable for the achievement of saintliness. Yours,

Baltimore, Md. (REV.) C. E. L.

A DUTY AND A PLEASURE.

To the Editor of PUCK:

Should a man kiss his second cousin? It all depends. If she is homely, it would strike me as a plain duty—for maybe no one else will. If she is pretty—well, the question then becomes one of taste, not of morals. I would.

Yours, E. C. B.

Madison, Wis.

SURE.

To the Editor of PUCK:

Why not? I do, and we both like it. New York City. Yours, J. E. T.



SURBRUG'S ARCADIA MIXTURE

Its aromatic delicacy will surprise you. It is the most perfect blend of tobacco you ever put in your pipe—the highest class—it stands all by itself, the KING of mixtures.

A tobacco that your women folks will like to have you smoke at home—you may never have known the luxury of a pipe smoke before.

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THE SURBRUG CO., 81 Dey St., New York

The city of Paris is n't so in Seine as it was.—*Deseret News.*

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IF you are tired of slapstick humor; if you are weary of the dull, pointless opposite, commonly known as the "He and She" sort; if you look for something more than horseplay in humor, and like occasionally a grain of truth with your fun, we say again to you:
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PUCK was first in the field 34 years ago, and it stays first to-day. It is not a weekly revival of worn-out jokes, spineless cartoons, and commonplace pictures. PUCK is different.

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PUCK does n't revive old jokes, because it draws most of its fun from timely things. It does n't print spineless cartoons, because it does n't have to, being independent of political rings and "immune lists." It does n't use pictures that are commonplace, because every picture, even the smallest, in PUCK must help to express a definite idea and one worth expressing.

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the after-dinner size
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EXTENDED CREDIT.

He stole a kiss.
Said the pouting
miss:
"For that you'll
pay
On Judgment Day."
"By Jinks," said he,
"If you trust me
Till Judgment Day
I'll steal some
more."
And ere, they say,
He slipped away,
He stole a score.
—Wash. Star.

THE YELL DID IT.

"Your boy is
home from college,
I see."
"Yes."
"Sick?"
"Sore throat."
"Yell was too
much for him, I
suppose?" —Yonkers
Statesman.

"MY MIND is
made up," quoth the
haughty society girl
decidedly.

"Just like the rest
of you," replied the
ungentlemanly man.
—Minne-ha-ha.

The most perfect hand-mixed drink you've ever tasted could never have the fine, full, mellow flavor of a CLUB COCKTAIL. Because the rare old liquors used in their mixing are each measured to exact proportions. CLUB COCKTAILS make a more uniform and a more delightful drink than any made-by-guesswork effort could be. Just strain through cracked ice and serve.

Martini (gin base) and Manhattan (whiskey base) are the most popular.
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ONE KIND.

"Pop!"
"Yes, my son."
"Were there two
of every kind went
into the Ark?"
"Yes, my boy;
two of every kind."
"And was there
two suffragettes?" —
Yonkers Statesman.

"YOUR ticket al-
ways gets defeated,"
said the practical
politician.

"True," answered
the serene Prohi-
bitionist. "The
country has not yet
developed water-
power sufficient to
compete with lung-
power." —Ex.

"JOHNNY, what
are you going to do
when you grow
up?"

"I'm goin' ter
run away an' be a
pirate."

"Like Captain
Kidd?"

"Shucks, naw!
I'm going ter play
wit' Pittsburg." —
Birmingham Age.

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A VISIT TO THE LOUVRE.



DON'T FORGET THE WAITER.

"Well, we leave for home to-day."
"I see the waiter has decorated our
table with rosemary."
"Rosemary, eh? Ah, yes; that's
for remembrance." —Courier-Journal.

SHE.—You look badly this morning.
HE.—I have a cold or something
in my head.

SHE.—It must be a cold. —Lampoon.

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OUT NEXT WEEK,
To be accurate, on Wednesday, the twenty-third of March. Easter is earlier than usual this year and **Easter Puck** is both earlier and better than usual.

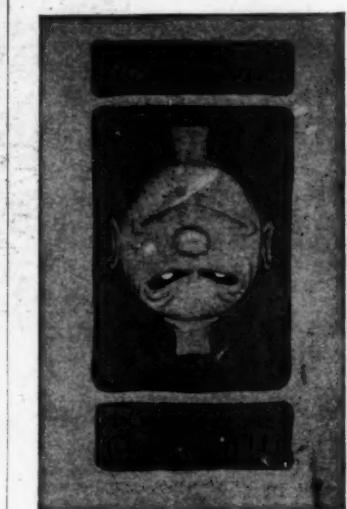
The cover, for example, is the most striking in design and in color-contrast that **PUCK** has had in months. Simple, too. Those who like "postery" effects will like this. It is by Gordon Ross.

The double - page cartoon, by Keppler, is a novel combination of truth and timeliness. No politics, for a change, but an Easter cartoon—and this is saying a good deal—that has never been done before. We call it: "Easter Forecast—Increasing Cloudiness."

You know the vogue of "Chantecler." **PUCK** has a suggestion next week for America's "gentlemen farmers." A sure way to make country homes attractive. In color. By Frank A. Nankivell.

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PEOPLE

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IV.

The use of Stovaine, the new pain-killer, at Easter tide. A pleasing pen-drawing by Gordon Grant, with a laugh back of it.

By Louis M. Glackens: "Easter in the Cold - Storage Warehouse," an Egg joke that is fresh. The funniest thing in the number—which again is saying a good deal.

Other pictorial features: The Easter Parade, Sunday and Monday; Easter Sunday in the Olden Times, another page in color; Easter on Olympus; dainty Easter verse and light-comedy prose; cartoons with a timely twist.

The Easter issue will emphasize our claim that **PUCK** is the liveliest and the liveliest of the humorous periodicals.

No change in price. Ten Cents.

If your newsdealer does n't handle **PUCK**, ask him to order it for you.



REALISM ON THE STAGE.

"Why don't the theatrical managers want husband and wife in the same company?"

"They think the public would n't care to see a man making love to his wife."

"Looks too much like acting, eh?"
—*Courier-Journal*.

SCIENCE.

"Do you believe in the Darwinian theory?"

"I am inclined to go further than Darwin did," answered Miss Cayenne, "and believe that some members of our species have started on a return trip."—*Washington Star*.

"JOHNNY," said the boy's mother, "I hope you have been a nice, quiet boy at school this morning?"

"That's what I was," answered Johnny. "I went to sleep and the teacher said she'd whip any boy in the room who waked me up."—*Boston Sunday Post*.



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